wooing; win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I ſhould win what you would enioy? Methinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

*Ford.* O, vnderſtand my driſt; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattaild againſt me; what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*.

*Fal.* Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your mony, next, giue me your hand; and laſt, as I am a Gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enioy *Fords wife*.

*Ford.* O good Sir.

*Fal.* I ſay you ſhall.

*Ford.* Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

*Fal.* Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (Maſter *Broome*) you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment, euen as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me; I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen, for at that time the iealious-raſcally-knaue her husband will be forth; come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

*Ford.* I am bleſt in your acquaintance; do you know *Ford*, Sir?

*Fal.* Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore; They ſay the iealous wittolly-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-fauourd: I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueſt-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe-hum with my cudgell: it ſhall



ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Maſter *Broome*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate ouer the peazant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ſtile: thou (Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night.

*Ford.* What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who ſaies this is improuident iealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made; would any man haue thought this? ſee the hell of hauing a faire woman: my bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but ſtand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* ſounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbaſon*, well; yet they are Diuels additions; the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe; hee will truſt his wife, hee will not bee iealous; I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Perſon *Hugh* the *Welſhman* with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhee rumiuates, then ſhee deuiſes; and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealouſie: eleuen o'clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too ſoone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

*Exit.*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt;*

*Caius.* Iacke Rugby.

*Rugby.*